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• ADVERTISER

FARM AND HOME HOUR

WRITER

• PROGRAM TITLE

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #237

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(11:30-12:30 PM WMAQ)

(MARCH 3, 1967)

(FRIDAY) DAY

• PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

• REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

MUSIC: QUARTET: RANGER'S SONG

ANNOUNCER: Forestry is a universally recognized science. And the Rangers who manage our National Forests today are skilled in the diversified practices of silviculture and forest management. Everywhere within the National Forest boundaries may be seen evidence of the many developments and improvements they have accomplished. But from the first guardians of the forests to the present generation of Rangers has passed a heritage as unchangeable as time itself: That is the heritage of Service. The early day Rangers were widely known for their willingness and ability to help those people who lived within the National Forests. Their fame has spread until today Forest Service men are known everywhere for the service they give to National Forest communities and to those who use the forests for recreation and for livelihood. Today we take our weekly trip to the Pinalo National Forest. Ranger Jim Robbins' district is snowbound, and Forest Service crews are busy with trucks and tractors, opening the roadways, to keep the wheels of business turning. Right now, however, we find the Ranger and his assistant, Jerry Smith, in their office trying to pull a few knots out of the work plan that maps out their work for the duration of the year. Here they are --

JERRY: (FADING IN) Here's the work plan, Jim. Gee, there's plenty of it.

SOUND: (RATTLE OF MANUSCRIPT)

JIM: Got things pretty well planned out, have we, Jerry?

JERRY: I hope so. Gee, it's a swell day outside. Gato to stay in the office.

JIM: We'll be getting out pretty quick. But I reckon the work plan's the most important thing we have on hand right at the moment.

BESS: (FADING IN) Are you staying in on a day like this, Jim?

JIM: Nope. We'll be leaving shortly, Bess.

BESS: I thought you would be. It's the finer good day we've had for almost a month.

JERRY: If the sun stays out like it is now, maybe we'll not thawed out a little.

BESS: I hope so. These poor folks that are away from the main road have been snowed in for a long time.

JIM: We may have to help dig some of 'em out.

JERRY: Yeah, we've got enough of our own work to do.

JIM: So we have, now - but we can't let 'em starve.

JERRY: I know it, Jim. I wonder who --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JIM: I'll get it.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JIM: Hello, Pine Cone Ranger Station -- Hurry -- Yes, this is Jim Robbins -- Dave? -- Can't hear you very well -- Yeah, that's better -- Yes, that road's been blocked almost a month. -- You haven't? -- Of course not will, Dave. Is the high trail open? -- Good. We can pack in some grub to last that far -- Oh, all right. We'll pick up the stuff at Winny's store and hit the trail before noon. -- That's all right Dave. Glad to hear it. So long.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

BESS: What is it, Jim?

JIM: That was Dave. He says the horses up on Windy Mountain haven't been heard from since the first of the month. -- Getting' kinda worried about 'em.

BESS: And with six children to feed. That must have got to you real time of it.

JIM: That's right, Bess. Dave said he doesn't think they have anything left to eat.

BESS: Oh, Jim.

JIM: He kept thinking we'd be able to get a herd of horses over the road, but it'll take three or four days to open it up even with weather like this.

BESS: How about all that trail, Jim?

JIM: Dave says we can get over it. We can get Slim's pack string in there with enough grub to last the Larsen's And the rest of the folks up that way for another month.

JERRY: Want me to call Slim? He was down in the corral a minute ago.

JIM: Yeah. Tell him to come up here a minute.

JERRY: (FADING) I'll whistle for him.

(SOUND): (DOOR OPENS - OFF - JERRY WHISTLES)

JERRY: (OFF) (SHOUTS) Hey, Slim! --- Come here a minute.

(SOUND): DOOR CLOSSES - OFF)

JIM: Hope those mules of his aren't nibbling for the winter.

JERRY: (FADING IN) You never can tell what they'll be doing.

BESS: Jim, that High Trail's awfully dangerous, isn't it?

JIM: Oh, it's not bad, Bess.

BESS: But it's very narrow.

JIM: It's the only way we'd ever be able to get to Larsen's place.

BESS: But isn't there danger of a slide?

JIM: I don't think so, Bess. Most of it's pretty solid rock.

BESS: But there have been slides at the fork.

JIM: Nothing serious tho, Bess. You can always see the loose trail where the ledge overhangs it.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS - OFF)

SLIM: (OFF) Want me, Jim?

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JIM: Yeah, Slim.

SLIM: I just finished polishin' up my mules.

JIM: We've got to pack some grub up to Dave Larson's place.

SLIM: Today?

JIM: Yeah.

SLIM: Jumpin' Jellyfish, Jim, the snow's deeper'n them mules are high.

JIM: We'll take the trail instead of the road.

SLIM: Oh, that's different. I'll go bring up Bertha and the rest of the string.

JIM: Wait a minute, Slim. You're not going to take Bertha, are you?

SLIM: (DISMAYED) I don't know any more.

BESS: But she's too old to travel in this kind of weather, isn't she, Slim?

SLIM: Ma'am -- I reckon Bertha'd be right hurt if she was so near you say that. The weather don't never bother her. She's the best lead mule that ever shucked a pack.

JIM: That's exactly what she is. We haven't time for any show of temperment. High Trail's narrow and there's a drop of more'n a thousand feet some places.

SLIM: I'll tell ye, Jim, Bertha may have her bad moments, but when there's something at stake she's always there first. I know her. That's the way she's been ever since she was born.

JERRY: She is a good lead mule --- when she feels like it

JIM: (CHUCKLING) All right, Slim, bring her along.

SLIM: You can depend on Bertha, Jim. She won't let us down.

JIM: I hope not. We'll get the packs loaded down to Windy's store. We can take the trail from there.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

SOUND: (MUFFLED CLOP OF HOOFS FADE IN)

JERRY: (FADING IN) By golly, Jim, there's more snow in this trail than I've ever seen

JIM: That's a fact Jerry. But I guess we can make it if Slim keeps these old pack rats of his moving

SLIM: They'll keep goin' as long as there's a trail to go on

JIM: Be all right if there aren't any slides

JERRY: We ought to make it to Dave's place in about two hours, don't you think, Jim?

JIM: We'll do it easy at this rate

SLIM: How come the road ain't open, Jim?

JIM: We've got every man available trying to keep open the main roads, Slim. That's where all our trucks and tractors have been working since the snow got so bad

SLIM: Why do our boys have to do the work? Lem tell me what you use 'em open up the roads, I'd say

JIM: We've all got to pitch in and help, Slim. Anything that we can do with the National Forest is part of our work. The forest Service helped build some of those roads to serve the community, and we want to keep 'em serving the community.

JERRY: There'd be a lot of folks lose good business if those roads weren't kept open. Trucks and busses wouldn't be able to travel. And farmers wouldn't be able to get into town to get supplies.

JIM: Yep. As soon as the main roads are open we'll start on the side roads. Then we won't have to be packing grub to folks that can't get into town for it.

SLIM: By gum, I never thought of it that way. Whenever there's anything that needs to be done around here you most likely'll find the Forest Service the first one to volunteer.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) That's the spirit, Slim.

SLIM: And that's why I say Bertha's the best Forest Service mule we ever had. Whenever there's anything that needs to be done she's the only mule ---

(SOUND OF HOOF STRAGGLES TO STOP)

JERRY: What'd you say about Bertha, Slim?

SLIM: She's only stopped for a minute. Now don't get excited. Don't get excited.

JIM: Looks to me, Slim, like our mule power's broken down on us.

SLIM: Maybe Bertha wants to rest.

JERRY: That's the best thing she does.

SLIM: Now there ain't no cause to be sarcastic about it. Any mule might stop for a minute or two.

That's just Bessie's difference. She's got her own way of
 doing it.

But it's not her way of doing it, either.

Sure, it is. Sure. Take it easy. She'll be right along
 as good as I explain the situation to her -- (BESSIE)
 Bessie, Bessie. (BESSIE SINGS)

She's still here. She's.

I see. I see. That's the way Bessie's doing it.
 Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.

The woman's name is Bessie. She's the one.

(BESSIE) She's the woman who's the one. Bessie, Bessie.
 She's the one who's the one.

That's right, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. She's the
 one who's the one. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.

That's right, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.
 Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.

That's right, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.

(BESSIE) Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.
 Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.
 I see. I see. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.
 Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.

That's right, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.

I tell you as much as you can. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.
 Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.
 Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie. Bessie, Bessie.
 I tell you.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Is that what you call being gentle, Slim?

SLIM: Yes, sir, Jim. That's the kinda talk Bertha really understands.

JERRY: She hasn't moved anything yet but her tail

SLIM: Wait'll I git warmed up. It takes pretty long some times.

JIM: We can't wait any longer, Slim. We don't want to get caught on this trail at night.

SLIM: Don't you worry, Jim. I can handle her all right, all right.

JIM: Maybe we'd better go on without her.

SLIM: Ain't no need for that. I'll talk to her (PLEADING FERVENTLY) Now, Bertha, come along, old girl. It ain't very far. Giddyap, Bertha. We got a git these victrolas up to the Larson's place tonight --- er, -- today would be better. Giddyap, Bertha.

(PICK UP HOOFES AGAIN)

JERRY: There they go. I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it.

JIM: That doggone mule of yours'll have to be put to pasture, Slim

SLIM: But she's goin' now, Jim.

JIM: Yes, but we can't afford to take any chances with her. Another stop like this and it'll be dark before we get to Larson's. Nope, she's no good to us any more.

JERRY: I hope we don't have trouble getting past the fork.

JIM: The upper trail oughta be all right, but I don't know about the other one.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

(FADE IN MUFFLED SOUND OF HOOFS)

SLIM: (FADING IN) Isn't that the fork up ahead?

JIM: That's it Slim.

JERRY: Gee, it's beginning to get dark already.

JIM: Yeah. But we don't have far to go from the fork.

SLIM: I figure it'll take us about twenty minutes from here to Larson's place, Jim.

JIM: If Bertie doesn't have another cramp, we might make it all right.

JERRY: We'll have to put on with Dags for the /100, won't we, Jim?

JIM: I reckon. Guess I'll have to mount Bert and let her know.

SLIM: Oh, Jim, it looks like there's plenty of snow on the upper trail at the fork.

JERRY: Looks like it, my girl. The trails covered.

JIM: There's been a slide.

SLIM: The trail's all filled up.

JERRY: We can't get up there.

SLIM: What'll we do, Jim?

JIM: We'll have to take the lower trail if we can.

JERRY: Lookout, Slim, you're getting too close to the edge.

SLIM: Jumpin' cotton! (GROANING) Don't yell at me that way, son. You like to scared the pants off'n me.

JIM: You'd better stay close to those piles of lumber, Slim, or you'll be bouncing off the rocks down there in the valley.

SLIM: Not me. It's too fur down. I might fergit to bounce before I got there.

JIM: We'd better pull up here. No use going any farther.

SLIM: Whoa, Bertha! Whoa!

(HOOFES STRAGGLE TO STOP)

JERRY: That's one thing she does when you tell her to, Slim.

SLIM: This ain't no time for remarks like that.

JIM: M-m-m that lower fork looks plenty bad. It'll be like climbing down a church steeple.

JERRY: It didn't catch any of the slide though. It's kinda tucked back under the ledge.

SLIM: By glory, Jim. We'll have enough 'trouble crawlin' down there ourselves, let alone gittin' these mules down.

JERRY: There isn't room enough to turn around here. We must go back.

SLIM: Lemme git a better look at that trail.

JIM: Easy there, Slim. Don't get too close to the edge.

SLIM: Dad gum it Jim. Bertha can make it down there. That ain't too tough for her.

JIM: I don't know about that, Slim.

SLIM: We gotta do something.

JIM: If that pesky critter hadn't stopped for a bite back there on the trail, we'd be at Larsen's place now.

SLIM: She won't do it no more, Jim. You watch her now. You watch her. I'll get her going.

JERRY: Wiggle your ears, Slim. Maybe she'll follow you.

SLIM: Don't bother me now. Don't bother me. I gotta concentrate.

JIM: It's gettin' darker all the time, Slim.

SLIM: All right, Jim. All right. Won't be a minute. (Stills) Now, Bertha. Giddyap. Easy, girl. Come on. Giddyap now.

JERRY: Maybe she's trying to concentrate, too, Slim.

SLIM: It ain't gonna help to make remarks like that. Come along, Bertha. Pick 'em up. Easy now. Giddyap. Giddyap. I gotta talk to 'er gentle like, Jim. I think that'll work best today.

JIM: We don't have much time to experiment, Slim.

SLIM: Stay along, old girl. Easy now. All-up! Move along. (SHOUTS) Move along. I tell yuh!

JERRY: Give her a good pat where she'll feel it. She won't hear you when she's asleep.

SLIM: Well, maybe I'd better --

(RESCUING SLAP)

SLIM: Git along, Bertha!

JERRY: I think she opened her right eye, Slim.

JIM: We'll have to go on to Larson's and leave your whole string of mules here on the trail, Slim, if you can't get 'em going.

SLIM: Bertha always was a stubborn one, Jim.

JERRY: Whack her again, Slim. Twist her tail. Anything to get under way.

SLIM: (SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH SLAP) Huh-up! Git along, there!

(RESOUNDING SLAP)

JERRY: Give her a shove, Slim.

SLIM: Giddap now, Bertha. I'm losin' patience with you. Giddap.

(RESOUNDING SLAP)

JERRY: That's more like it.

SLIM: (SHOUTS) Giddap I say! Ye knot-headed mangy old goat reach! Git them cussed feet of yours to movin'! Giddap!

JIM: Pick her up and carry her, Slim.

SLIM: (HOT) By gum, I'm gittin' more now, Bertha! Git along the trail there afore I plant a hook between them angry eyes o' yours! Git now! Ye scrawny, barrel-ribbed, skin glue factory, you! Dad turn yer flea-bitten hide, I'll beat ye to batter. (WITH RISING CRESCENDO) This whole thing's gotta stop now, you lop-eared, wobble jayed, flea-bitten old varmint, you! (ROARING) Giddap, I tell ye! Gid---(CHOKES, SPUTTERS INCOHERENTLY)

(SOUND OF HOOFS PICK UP INTERMITTENTLY)

(SOUND OF SCRAPING GRAVEL IN BACKGROUND)

JERRY: Thar she goes. Yea, Bertha. Go to it!

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, Slim, I reckon you know your rules. If you can get Bertha to move, you can handle any of 'em.

JERRY: I thought you said you had to treat her gentle, Slim

SLIM: Huh?

JERRY: You didn't sound very gentle to me.

SLIM: Oh, that wasn't anything at all to what I can do when I really get worked up --- Stiddy, Bertha. Stiddy, girl. Looks like we'll sit this grub at Dave Larson's place after dark after all. Jim.

MUSIC: FINALE

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you every Friday on the Farm and Home Hour as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

cc: 5/4/37: 10:30 AM

